

Troilus and Cressida.

If soules guide vowes, if vowes are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vniuersitie selfe,
This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!
That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe
By soule authoritie: where reason can reuolt
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Cressida*:
Within my soule, there doth conduce a light
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:
Cressida is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Instance; O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:
The bonds of heauen are slip, dissolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fine finger tied,
The factions of her faith, ors of her loue:
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*:
Vliſſes. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth expresse?
Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart:
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
With so eternall, and so fixe a soule.
Harke *Greek*: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*:
That *Sleeue* is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzle with more clamour *Neptunes* eare
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on *Diomed*.
Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.
Troy. O *Cressida*! O false *Cressida*! false, false:
Let all vnrathis stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.
Vliſſes. O containe your selfe:
Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter Aeneas.
Aeneas. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Heſtor by this is arming him in Troy.
Aeneas your Guard, staies to conduct you home.
Troy. Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adew:
Farewell renouled faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand fast, and weare a Caske on thy head.
Vliſſes. He bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept distracted thanks.
Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Vliſſes.
Ther. Would I could meete that rogue *Diomed*, I
would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of
his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,
then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion, A burning
duell take them.
Enter Heſtor and Andromache.
And. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,
To stop his eares against admonishment?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.
Heſtor. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the euermaking gods, Ile goe.
And. My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.
Heſtor. No more I say.
Cassa. Where is my brother *Heſtor*?
And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and deere petition:
pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.
Cassa. O, 'tis true.
Heſtor. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.
Cassa. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.
Heſtor. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.
Cassa. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes:
They are polluted offerings, more abhord
Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent theirs,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.
Cassa. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowes;
But vowes to every purpose must not hold:
Vnarme sweete *Heſtor*.
Heſtor. Hold you still I say;
Mine honour keepe the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.
Enter Troilus.
How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?
And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.
Exit Cassandra.
Heſtor. No faith yong *Troilus*; doste thy harnesse youth:
I am to day with vaine of Chivalries:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of metey in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Heſtor. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire sword:
You bid them rise, and line.
Heſtor. O 'tis faire play.
Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Heſtor*.
Heſtor. How now? how now?
Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.
Heſtor. Fie sauage, fie.
Troy. *Heſtor*, then 'tis warres.
Heſtor. *Troilus*, I would not haue you fight to day.
Troy. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Heſtor* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:
But by my ruine.
Enter Priam and Cassandra.
Cassa. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Troilus and Cressida.

Fall all together.
Priam. Come *Heſtor*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.
Heſtor. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.
Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe,
Heſtor. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue
To take that course by your content and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.
Cassa. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.
And. Doe not deere father.
Heſtor. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.
Exit Andromache.
Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.
Cassa. O farewell, deere *Heſtor*:
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Heſtor* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Heſtor*, *Heſtors* dead: O *Heſtor*!
Troy. Away, away.
Cassa. Farewell: yes, soft: *Heſtor* I take my leaue;
Thou dost thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue.
Exit.
Heſtor. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about
thee.
Alarum.
Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, belecue
I come to looke my arme, or winne my *Sleeue*.

Enter Pandarus.
Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?
Troy. What now?
Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.
Troy. Let me reade.
Pand. A whorson tiske, a whorson rascally tiske,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one
oth's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and
such an ache in my bones; that vlesse a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee
there?
Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from
the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.
Pand. Why, but heare you?
Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and lue aye with thy name.
Alarum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites.
Ther. Now they are clasp'd
goe looke on: that disse
mede, has got that same
knaues *Sleeue* of Troy, the
see them meet; that, that la
the whore there, might ser
sterly villaine, with the *Slee*
luxurious drabbe, of a sle
the pollicie of thole craft
old Mousle. earen dry chee
foxe *Vliſſes* is not prou'd v
me vp in pollicy, that mun
dogge of as bad a kinde, *A*
Ajax prouder then the cur
to day. Whereupon, the
barbarisme; and pollicie
Enter Diomed.
Soft, here comes *Sleeue*, an
Troy. Flye not: for thou
I would swim after.
Diom. Thou dost misce
I doe not flye; but aduanta
Withdrew me from the oc
Haue at thee?
Ther. Hold thy whore
Troian: Now the *Sleeue*, n
Enter Heſtor.
Heſtor. What art thou *Gree*
Art thou of blood, and hon
Ther. No, no: I am a ra
a very filthy rogue.
Heſtor. I doe beleue thee
Ther. God a mercy, cha
plague breake thy necke--
come of the wenching r
swallowed one another.
cle---yet in a fort, lecherie
Enter Diomed.
Dio. Goe, goe, my seru
Present the faire *Sleeue* to
Fellow, commend my seru
Tell her, I haue chaff'd th
And am her Knight by pro
Ser. I goe my Lord.
Aga. Renew, renew, th
Hath beate downe *Menon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands *Calossus*-wise w
Vpon the pasted courtes o
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polix*
Amphimachus, and *Thous* de
Patroclus tane or flaine, and
Sore hurt and bruised; the
Appalls our numbers, haste
To re-enforcement, or we p
Enter Nestor.
Nest. Goe beate *Patrocl*
And bid the snail-pac'd *A*
There is a thousand *Heſtors*
Now here he fights on *Gala*
And there lacks worke: an
And there they flye or dye,